



# A demanding client (Briefing from Hell)



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## Chapter 1 by Vieira

It was just a typical work evening at the agency. Last e-mails being answered, meeting room lights being shut off, people preparing to leave. I could hear the light laughter and the joyous atmosphere around me coming from those who were happily finishing their work day. Life continues after work and people were ready to move on with their personal agendas, some ready to go home to their families, some headed to a happy hour round at a bar with their friends and lovers...

Not me!

I quickly waved good bye to a group of smiling idiots as they passed by on their way to the elevator.

"We are going to that new bar around the corner. Do you want to come?" asked Suzan, a lazy young copywriter.

"Thanks Suzan, I really need to finish something here..." I said, not bothering to extend the chat.

"Well, you are always working late Dan... That's not good for you. You need to relax a bit..." she replied with a fake look of concern.

I didn't bother to come up with an answer, simply smiling back at her and concentrating back into my computer screen.

Relax? She wants me to relax?? Bullshit! I know what this bitch wants! She wants me to stop pushing hard. She wants me not to rise above the mediocrity that she is, the mediocrity that all of these idiots at the agency are. I know why they think I'm the workaholic asshole, they see in me the professional they will never be! They know that when time comes for the net big promotion I will be the one to get it! Me, the dedicated hard worker. The only person who truly

I deserve to be the partner of this copy office. But things will change. Once I'm the boss of boy things will change! I will show them all the meaning of working hard for their parents!

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"Dan, are you sure you can't?"

"Yes, I said I can't, that means I can't." I didn't realize the intensity of my voice until I had already said it.

After an awkward moment of silence Suzan finally left my seat area with the group. "What a jerk!" I could hear their thoughts as they went.

"Got it! Work hard Dan. Just make sure you don't end up selling your soul to the devil..." I heard Suzan's distant voice as the elevator's doors shut close.

Losers! When time comes they will see... When I'm the boss they will see what it's like working for the devil. Let me get back to work now, I need to show the board just how better professional I am compared to lazy Suzan!

Back to my inbox, a new e-mail had just arrived. That's funny... "Urgent Brief" sent by an unknown contact, Ms. Lucy. A new briefing coming at 9 pm on a thursday night? Who could Ms. Lucy possibly be?

Curious of it all I clicked on top of the message. Here is what it said:

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